



later in Adelaide, from which city her mother had come. G.W.L. was an unpredictable character, given to saying odd things, like "Miss Smith, there's a hole in your stocking." "Oh, Oh, Mr. Leake, where?" "Well, how else would you get it on?" Seeing a soldier, a reputed murderer & a doctor(?) walking along the street, he remarked "From battle, murder & sudden death, good Lord deliver us." When my grandmother was born & Sarah Boustane was proposed as her name, he said that Sarah was after his dead brother's dead cat. She was known as Bonnie. Rose Ellen was an invalid for many years, & my grandmother presented the fact that two children were born after her health was gone. After her death G.W.L. married at 60 odd a girl forty years his junior, & died soon after. Most of his considerable estate was left to his widow & she & her young daughter went to England to live. G.W.L.'s brother <sup>Sir</sup> Luke was childless, & after his death Lady Leake married Dr. Whalers, & willed all Luke's money to her own side of the family.

Thomas Soutter (SOUTTER) Lodge was the youngest son & 12<sup>th</sup> of the 13 children of Robert John Lodge & Mary Ann Soutter. R.J.L. was the son of the Rev. Oliver Lodge, a redoubtable cleric who had three wives and about

23 children, mostly sons. Oliver Lodge IV, a London <sup>Judge</sup> ~~Collector~~, made a project for himself of finding out about the Rev's descendants, & ~~has~~ sent my mother a family tree which is very interesting. T.S.L.'s cousin Frank Lodge has written a delightful account of his boyhood in Cornwall & has included gossip about his innumerable uncles. Ruth Lodge has his papers. T.S.L. lived in the ~~Gr~~ Grove, Highgate, London, in a house which was still standing in 19~~32~~<sup>33</sup> - divided into flats, of which Robert Donat owned one. It is a great sadness to me that I did not ask him more about his boyhood - (he was born in 1851 or 1852, he thought the latter year) - as he had a good memory & loved to talk of the past. I know that his father was comfortably placed, & the younger members of the family lived in a top floor nursery, whence they came, washed & brushed, to see their parents in the evening before dinner. ~~But~~ T.S.L. went to Clifton College near Bristol, & then to learn farming in Norfolk. Later he went to the U.S.A. not long after the Civil War & remembered the negroes marching & singing. He also went to India, where his brother was in the Army, & progressed from one

military establishment to another, thus avoiding  
 any contact with the local population. He had a  
 great friend R. E. Bush, who persuaded him to try  
 his fortunes in the Laran River Colony. They must  
 have come here in the ~~early~~ <sup>1878</sup> 1880s. They went  
 up the coast to look around, & R. E. Bush  
 eventually established Sedgemia Station, the  
 biggest in the Gascoyne District, T.S.L. always  
 said that he caused a stir in the Geraldton <sup>district</sup> by  
 being the first man to appear there in pyjamas.  
 Which reminds me that my grandfather Hall was  
 a notable sight in bossack in the early mornings,  
 feeding the fowls clad in night shirt & night cap.  
 After their marriage Tom & Bonnie lived on various  
 farms in the Eastern Districts - Yaugedan & Seaton Ross were  
 the names of two places. John Sautter was born in 1892 and  
 Robert John in 1894, ~~both~~ <sup>born at</sup> Yaugedan, I think. The  
 homestead on one of these had a thatched roof, & on one  
 unlucky day it was burned to the ground, taking all the  
 family possessions. Running out, Bonnie grabbed a  
 crayon portrait of T.S.L., a lovely study of a serious  
 young man; R.T.L. has it now. Sifting thru' the ashes,  
 a crested fork without a handle & a spoon without a bowl were

found, & later joined together as a memento, which mother has given to me. In about 1900 the family moved to Busselton, to Strally farm. Bonnie was hurt over this - it was bought with her money but she was not consulted about it. As the children grew up. Helen in 1908 took a job as lady help to Mrs. Hall of Corsack, fell in love with the second son, Harold Aubrey, and married him in St. Mary's Church, Busselton, on 24<sup>th</sup> November 1910. My father had a passion for family names & hated his meaningless ones. Perhaps his father was fed up with carrying the weight of "William Shakespeare" all his life. My father was 39 & my mother 22 when they married, a discrepancy in years which neither could ever forget. In 1912 I was born on the 9<sup>th</sup> August, in Red's Cottage, Dr. John Mansell attending. I was christened soon after in the Reelbourne Church - Constance Boyd after my two grandmothers (the alternative names were Sarah Hannah, so I was spared much) with the Bishop of the N. W., Leonard Inow, as godfather, and Mrs. Boake (wife of the Rev. B) and Aunt Jean as godmothers. Nothing went right for the new Hall family. I have rarely asked anything about this painful time. H.A.H., his brother Ernest and Val & Reg Hester, their cousins, put their

money into Abydos Station, on the Lurner River, & with  
 the deaths of Val, family quarrels, & mismanagement, all  
 was lost. My father said once that he put £10,000 into  
 the place, a fortune in those times. It all seemed very  
 ill-advised to me, as the station was a dreary  
 distance from Leoburne when all transport was horse  
 drawn. Anyway, Mother, I and a half caste nurse  
 girl called Elsie Maud McNeil left for Strally until  
 my father could pull things together again. This  
 must have been in 1913, the year Aunt Joan  
 married Norman Martin. We stayed with my  
 grandparents for a long time, as it was Xmas 1915  
 when we went North again, this time the riches  
 by the birth of my sister Margaret on 10th July of  
 that year. H.A.H. by then was managing Eyedon  
 Station for his cousin Sir Ernest Anderson Hall, & he  
 met the boat with a buggy & pair & took us out in the  
 awful heat. The buggy of course had no hood or cover.  
 Mother was frantic for her young baby, & I can just  
 remember being put in a sheep trough to cool off.  
 We lived in a tin house at the side of a red rocky hill.  
 Margaret was very ill here, with the heat and lack  
 of proper food. She was finally fed on Horlicks Malted



milk, & "turned the corner." We had a native girl called MANGILL (G'hard) to help look after us, & I still remember playing with her. From Croydon we went to German Island, where H.A.H. was one of the two lightkeepers. Mother was very happy here. We shared the big stone quarters with Mr. LANGER, a German, & had a dinghy with a sail for our trips in to Cossock for stores. Whilst there we felt the back lash of a hurricane, & I remember us all at the little boat house winding the dinghy out of the water & along two rails by a winch to the safety of the shed. (We ~~went~~ <sup>visited the island</sup> there in 1964 & I was overcome to find bits of the boat shed still there. The old quarters were roofless, with obscenities scrawled on the walls, a sad fate for a place so faithfully built.) One night the police came over and took away poor Mr. Langer in case he was a German spy - this was about the end of 1916. Uncle Ernest took his place. After about 6 months Dad went to Andover Station as manager. This was owned by Henry Gillam, who had married Mrs. Ada McBrae, mother of Uncle Jack's dear wife Erid.

Barnard 7.2.1967. (Andover was the first station established in the Rockbourne district & was then managed by

W.S. Hall for a couple of years.) There was a very small house, built high off the ground, & the kitchen for some odd reason was about 75 yards away, on the far side of a little wash away with a few planks over it. I remember the kindly native women there, dear fat Dinah, whom I thought the fattest woman in the world, & half caste Rosie with her two daughters, known collectively as Mollnatices. Dinah died later, Mother said from V.D. contracted from a teamster to whom her man had lent her. I don't know why the Teamster didn't die too. Andover is only about ten miles from Redbourne, not far even with a horse & buggy. I can remember being put to rest at the back of the seat, my parents sitting forwards to make room for me.

My grandfather was fretting for his only son away at the War (grandmother fretted too but didn't make a fuss) & someone had the bright idea of sending me to live with them at Strully to keep him occupied. In August 1917 I was put in the care of Mr & Mrs Gillan to travel South by boat. It seemed foolish of Mother to cry at saying goodbye, as I was all anticipation. We ran into an awful storm & Mrs Gillan was ill in her bunk, but I had my birthday on board & was per-



feetly happy playing with my presents, including a  
 new hair brush. Thus began 2 1/2 of the very  
 happiest years of my life. Strully & my grandparents  
 were my Trinity & I loved them collectively with all  
 my heart. The farm was a homestead grant of 160  
 acres, with a swamp & the Broadwater at the back &  
 the Laves Road at the front, Beachlands & Dowell's  
 farm on either side. The house had 4 large rooms  
 in brick, with smaller rooms at the back, of wood  
 I think, with a narrow verandah on three sides. In  
 memory, it is summer there all day, with cold  
 nights, with no snug beside the fire. I often had  
 my tea beside the fire, bread & cream & sugar, in  
 the glow of the oil lamp. After I'd done, Grandpa  
 would get down the fat red book of Grimm's Fairy  
 Tales, with the beautiful monogram of H (HL) that  
 he had drawn for mother as a child, & would read  
 me a story. At the end he'd remark that I had been  
 very good & quiet, & deserved one more as a bonus.  
 Then my candle was lit & I went to bed in the corner  
 of Grandma's room, a screen beside me & a big  
 chest of drawers on which the candle was placed. Then  
 Grandpa kissed me good night, said "God Bless you my

child" & returned to his big easy chair. ~~The~~ Grimms is full of dark & gory tales, but on Grandpa's big warm lap with his arms around me they were rather exciting. On Sunday evenings Grandpa perched her ~~spec~~ specs. on the end of her nose & she & I & the huge family Bible just managed to get together on her low armless chair.

Exeter 8.5.1967 (Dads Birthday). People say that Biblical language is too obscure for modern children, but it didn't seem so to me, and I still prefer the King James Bible to any other version, tho' later ones maybe more accurate. The K.J.B. says Joseph had a coat of many colours, Mr. Ronald Knox says an embroidered coat, & an American translation a coat with long sleeves. The first is more memorable, if true. Our family Bible (Uncle Jack has it now, with all our birth & death dates in it) was illustrated with engravings. One was of an earthquake, the ground opening to swallow up struggling, shouting people, & it terrified me.

Russellton is a town with a flavour all its own, and even in these days the past seems very close. So many of the founding families were still there in the persons of their sons & daughters, and so many of them were still English in their manners & outlook. On Sunday Grandpa rounded up the old house,

harnessed him into the little old low carriage, & in climbed Grandma & myself in our Sunday best. Once we were thru' the old gate & out onto the Caves Road (now Russell Hwy) she wd. get out her reading glasses & her big hymn book, & teach me the verse of a hymn as we clopped along. We tried to reach St Mary's Church a little early, as morning service was a very sociable affair, & a good deal of gossip was exchanged both before & after. The Rev. Millward was the rector then, I think, as his daughter Peggy was my friend. When the rector preached the beginning of the consecration, all we younger children filed quietly outside, and played by the River Mass or among the grave stones. Strice over, our elders came out sedately, & chatted again for a while before returning home to Sunday dinner. Mrs McTherson was always there, in her dresses rather like Queen Alexandra's, with the daintiest bonnet on her head. It was just a scrap of net & flowers perched on top, with black ribbon tied under her chin. She was tall & thin, & when she died willed her clothes to Grandma, who was tiny & plump. Mr Princep was there - I seemed to remember that he came by boat from Little Holland House - ~~or was it Fairlawn?~~ Sunday in Brusselton was a lovely day, very special, not like Sundays later in my life.

Very special people in my life then were the Doweels on the farm next door. Justinian William Dowell & his wife (I've no idea of her name, she was always "Mother") had come out from Dorset & eventually wrested a living from their block by growing "corn", some vegetables, keeping cows, & pigs. They had a tiny house, of a bedroom, & living room which was a real parlour with a harmonium & a clock under a glass dome, & which was never used. On the back veranda was a set of scales on the wall beside it. Fred, Dennis & I had our names, with succeeding dates & our weights & heights lovingly recorded. About 25 ft. away was the kitchen, which was the real living room, & behind it a bedroom for Eddie & Dickie, & the bathroom, which was used regularly every Saturday. "Daddy Dowell" was wonderful to me, but very harsh to his wife & elder son, both of whom eventually left home. Mrs D. wore his boots & hats to work in, but she possessed one old felt hat in which she paid her so rare visits. Poor soul, she was a good woman, and worked so hard for so little. The kitchen always smelled of wet, scrubbed boards. She would give me my mashed potatoes forked into a little hill with a clove on top, & that was much Jack at Gallipoli. There was a big Collie dog called Rover, & two horses, Charlie & Sailor. Mrs Dowell was never too

busy to let me help, & I could go in his cart, on the reaper-  
 and-binder, help feed the cows, help put green stuff thru'  
 the cutter, after which it was mixed with chaff, bran,  
 a sort of cake you broke up, & mollasses, & smelt  
 wonderful. All winter long, straw & manure was raked  
 from the byes & piled in a corner of the cow yard, then  
 it was casted & spread in the little fields. He had a  
 hay stack, great fun for the Martin boys & me to climb  
 & slide on. There were figs & plums & apples for the  
 gathering, new dug potatoes in season, plenty of eggs  
 & milk & cream, little new pink piglets, squealing and  
 squirming, and all the freedoms of the countryside. By the  
 pig pens grew a line of fig trees, & under them in the  
 spring bloomed a sunshine of daffodils. One day Mr  
 Howell took me into town in the old cart while he  
 delivered cream to the Butter factory, & that was a great  
 adventure, Mr Grandma wasn't very pleased at my  
 being so late home. Occasionally I'd be sent to the  
 house whilst a pig or calf was dispatched, then could  
 return to help with the skinning or scalding - it all seemed  
 in the course of nature. I liked cleaning the pig ~~guts~~ guts,  
 which were sent over to Grandma for her to use for her  
 famous pork sausages. There was never time to be

honed, with Grandpa to help with the fencing repairs & all his little odd jobs. His tools were kept in the Old House in meticulous order. I turned the grindstone whilst he honed the axe, handed him the wedges that he used for splitting the big pine logs for the fire, & trotted at his heels all day long. He had a little rhyme:

— is no good  
Chop him/her up for fire wood

If he/she is no good for that

Give him to the old Tom cat " with the blank

filled in by Constance Hall or Freddie Martin, etc. It was so patently absurd that we loved it. He drew three horses beautifully, treated Fred, Dennis & me as politely as equals, & we adored him. He lived to be nearly 86, dying in 1938; Grandma died in 1939 just before my daughter Jill was born, and I still miss them both.

Narrogin 8.3.1968.

The house at Strally was very comfortable in the essentials, but its conveniences were nil. The lavatory was a good hundred yards away and the pan was emptied by Grandpa when necessary. Washing was done under a big tree by the back door. Rain water



was bucketed into the copper, and into the old oval tin tubs which were on a platform. All had then to be bucketed out when washing was finished, <sup>no wringers</sup> the wet clothes were carried in the oldest cane wash basket in the world, past the back of the house, down an avenue shaded <sup>by pine trees</sup> & <sup>lined</sup> ~~lined~~ <sup>by pine trees</sup> ~~by pine trees~~, <sup>recall</sup> ~~recall~~ then a turn stile, and so into the Drying Ground. If there were too many clothes for the lines, you spread them on the thick buffalo grass or hung them on the fence. When they were dry the clothes smelt of sunshine, of grass & of the mint that grew wild. Past the Drying Ground was an old well, used exclusively by frogs, then the cow shed, and back of that the old orchard, where grew apples and peaches. All these places & the house were backed by a rather stagnant River or very wet Swamp. For some reason my Grandmother couldn't have hot baths, so every morning she dressed herself in some deplorable bathers, took her toilet things, & had a bathe in a little pool, edged by grass & protected by a big clump of bamboos. Grandpa had his bath most every Saturday, a ceremonial affair which necessitated bucketing water to the copper, lighting the fire, then

carrying the water into the bathroom. This little room was a fascinating place for us children, as its walls were covered by the wonderful coloured pictures from various English glossy publications. There was one of a little boy reading the cards for his very old grandfather saying "You will soon go on a long journey" and costers dancing on ~~Hampstead~~ <sup>Stead</sup> Heath in about 1905, and a child making a tall house of cards. This habit of covering walls with coloured pictures seems to have been a very happy Victorian one, as Mrs. Bentha Veale had papered her lavatory so, and the Sandersons had a screen at Lesmurdie in the bathroom that was a great time waster.

Fred & Dennis & I had wonderful games at Strully, and the Martin visits were eagerly awaited by us all. There was a very big fig tree down by the water, which bore enormous & wonderful fruit for its first crop, and this we climbed in, and as it was circular in shape it became the world & we used our limited knowledge of geography on it. We had cubbies in several places, knew all the hollow trees, had old farm machinery to "work", and

were always welcome at Dorells. Mr. Dorell once took us all for a picnic to Brunshonough in his old, old truck, and the jelly melted & had to be ~~dr~~ drunk from cups, which was a novelty. I can just remember a beach picnic when we went in the old buggy. <sup>(EXPLOSER)</sup> Grandma always drove an old horse, quiet and so slow, the 3 miles in to Russellton, and at one time my most fervent wish was for a rubber tyred buggy, so that we could bowl along more quickly.

Wangan Hills. 10.4.1968

In August 1919 my sister Joan was born in Rochmore, with Mrs Truslove as mid wife. Towards 2mas mother came South with Margaret & the baby for a holiday at Strelly. Later, in 1920, we went back North together, and I had to leave my grandparents and Strelly, and was too distressed to be able to look back when we climbed into the buggy with our luggage to catch the train. From then until I was nearly twenty began my recurring dream of Strelly - always of returning there. Life was dismal for me after the freedom I'd had. Little ladies couldn't do anything interesting, we were not

allowed out alone, & my father decided that I had  
 to be belted into shape after being thoroughly spoiled.  
 He was then appraising land for the Lands Dept,  
 and was away a good deal. I am sorry to record  
 that my heart used to sink when told that he  
 would be home for a while. Life was so peaceful  
 with mother and the three of us, if dull. We spent  
 some time in Mrs Fisher's house in Reelbourne. The  
 walls were ornamented with enamel plates which  
 had been covered with glue or putty and then  
 pieces of broken China were stuck on. We spent  
 six months at the Glens and Mrs Glen was  
 so kind to us. Then we moved to a tiny  
 house, made all of tin, called by mother "the  
 Sardine tin." 

Spare	Back verandah
Bed.	sitting room
Verandah	

 It was next  
 to the old school in Reelbourne, and  
 I think that the Tom Stooks had Ke's  
 cottage on the other side. Our  
 room had an earth floor, and the kitchen was  
 detached, off the back verandah. On Sunday  
 afternoons we dressed in our best & went  
 to the Mawcells, who always had open  
 house then, with tennis played in the winter.

Donald Maunsell was my age, but I was more interested in the shelves of books belonging to the children, and read all of Mary Grant Bruce's stories with avidity. I could read & write before we started school at Mrs. Thompsons in 1920 or 20. We could not possibly go to the State School, & we, the Sylens, Don & I, and Mrs Thompson's brother Thorold Mills were taught in the Mills house. Mrs T. had married a clergyman, but ran away on her wedding night, & eventually they were divorced or the marriage annulled.

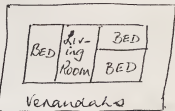
When the appraising was finished Dad got a job as manager of Mr H.R. Steeman's derelict station, <sup>Mr.</sup> Saterist, about 100 miles or so from Reebourne, 18 miles past Mallina. The pay was £9. a month and keep, but buy one own sauce & such luxuries. Noble Campbell of Mallina took us there in his old car - in the awful hot country most cars travelled with their hoods down, must have been to save petrol. Mr Saterist was the last station on the road & he paid the mail once a fortnight and on

occasional visit from the Salvation Army & the Rev. H. W. Simpson on his motor bike, we hardly ever saw anyone. In 2 1/2 years there the only children we saw were the Young Skulup once, and we spent a wonderful Christmas with the Ernest Halls at Sherlock. It just about sent my mother out of her mind. Dad wasn't much company, he liked to talk but not listen, and he was away most days.

CUNDERDIN. 16. 9. 1968.

My Father was, alas, a real Jonah, and all the 2 1/2 years we spent at Salinist were drought ones. (When we went to Booramel later, the drought that had broken as we left Salinist, reappeared.)

We had a brick house, & the kitchen was, as usual, detached by about 25 yards.



(BATH)

The bathroom was made by using up an old water tank - cutting a door in the side and installing a bath. It was very hot in there during the day. The sun made the water pipes so hot that we filled the bath first thing in the morning & then it was reasonably cool.



Most of the time we had the help of native women  
 for the washing up and in the laundry. They  
 were such a happy people, gossiping and  
 laughing as they pattered thru' the daily chores.  
 I'm sure they didn't get paid, but my parents  
 didn't ask very much of them. People com-  
 plain that natives go walkabout at in con-  
 venient times, but I think it was a necessity from  
 a diet point of view - their food was plenty,  
 but was always meat and damper - 2  
 slices, one spread with jam - no vegetables,  
 no fruit. Lots of hot sweet black tea.  
 They would troop up to the window in the  
 kitchen, and then return to their camp beside  
 the river to eat & pass the time. At night, we'd  
 often hear corroboree songs, and the fascinating  
 sound of the clicking sticks, with their strict rhythm.  
 Whites & blacks lived peaceably side by side -  
 much more comfort on our side, but I think that  
 the natives were the happier. One exciting night  
 we were asked to a small corroboree, and saw &  
 heard our familiar friends in a new guise. The  
 local sergeant of police was one Sam Rea; his


wife had six young children and needed help, so on one of his rare visits he ~~select~~ selected Florenie, the only child of Manghie and Yowie and took her off, howling and struggling to Whim Creek. Great was the grief in the camp beside the River, and at night we could hear the wailing, as if for a dead person. We thought this action a dreadful one, & couldn't understand why Dad didn't stand up for Manghie & Florenie. Sad to say, the police granted the permits to employ native labour, & <sup>any</sup> ~~the~~ one who needed cheap employees had to keep quiet. I believe that Florenie cried too much to be of any use, & Sergt. Rea returned her some time later in disgust.

The job of punning Satinist was no easy one. Dad generally had one white man, and the rest were coloured. There were no motor vehicles, & the only telephone was about 6 miles distant, at the abandoned gold mine of Station Peaks. It was on a party line to Graydon Station, & you had to hope that there would be someone in earshot when you rang. We were about 8 miles from Redbourne, but it might as well have been 800.

Mother always impressed upon us that we  
 mustn't break a bone or get really sick, as it  
 would cost if a mile to get Dr Mainsell out  
 from Leebourne, & the Sq. a month wouldn't stand  
 such a luxury. Mother always had her  
 medicine chest, & worked wonders with it. There  
 was castor oil (ugh) for dysentery, <sup>NUX</sup> vomica  
 for vomiting, Condy's crystals for disinfectant,  
 pain killer for toothache, Eno's fruit salts  
 for minor upsets, Epsom Salts for constipation,  
 Iodine for cuts - and how it hurt. If we stood  
 on a rusty nail we swabbed the hole with  
 kerosene to stop getting lockjaw. A sore throat  
 was cured by Mother's taking off one of her lisle  
 stockings & winding it round our neck. Grandma  
 made a famous ointment for "drawing" boils &  
 splinters alike, & we always had some. It had  
 beeswax in it & ~~sp~~ smelt wonderful. If we  
 spilled salt we threw some over a left shoulder,  
 two crossed knives meant a quarrel & were to  
 be avoided at all costs, & a broken mirror was  
 an absolute disaster. Friday 13<sup>th</sup> one  
 expected any calamity, 13 at a meal was

unthinkable, & I've known mother break a bottle because breakages go in threes & 2 pieces of china were already broken.

Food was a headache. In the winter Mr. Brooks the mailman would often sell us a quarter of beef, a great treat. We'd have it fresh for a day & then Dad would salt the rest, to keep it. Towards the end of our stay the sheep were so thin, that when one dressed at 12 lb. we gave up and ate Kangaroo, which was a little better. Poor mother - you can't do much with it but make into mince & meat loaves. Bread had to be home made, & in the hot weather a fungus got into tins & containers that made it taste dreadful & one only ate it from necessity. One said that the bread was "ROPEY". Our only jelly was made from Chinese gelatine & flavoured & coloured. The gelatine was like drinking ~~dry~~ straws to look at. Dried peas & beans were a great stand by, & in winter we had marrow & pumpkins & melons. No refrigerators, but we had a big coolgardie

Safe & as long as the wind blew it <sup>would</sup> keep things reasonably cool. We had a variety of water bags. Some were tubular, with a pipe <sup>OR TAP</sup> at the side & a cover to keep insects out. The simplest was a square of canvas with each corner ~~not~~ nailed to a small wood square. An aluminium or enamel mug was tied on with a piece of string, for use by all. There was another sort, like this. , for carrying, and one much the same, but backed with leather & on a long leather strap, to go round a horse's neck when riding. Quenching one's thirst in summer was a problem. Lots of tea, and mother made gallons of lemon syrup with sugar, lemon essence and tartaric acid. Father sometimes made a fizzy drink with essence & cream of tartar, & one wonderful Christmas we had a case of cool drinks from Kidd's Aerated Water & Ice Factory, Barnardson. We eked it out as long as possible, & before opening, the bottles were wrapped in wet towelling, to get as cool as possible.

Butter came in a billy can, wrapped in wet sackling by Mr. Brooker. Mother had to order supplies once or twice a year of the staples like flour, tea, sugar, jam, and they arrived in a cloud of dust & much excitement on a wagon pulled by camels, or donkeys. "Ineace Dick" was a well known teamster.

We had some odd bodies on the staff. One was Sydney Saffer, a Jew, quite young, & why he came to Saterist I can't think. He and Mother had "words" one Christmas, when he stated that but for a Jew there wouldn't have been any Christmas. As a peace offering he brought over his prayer rug to show her. Then there was George G. Burt, the cook; he wouldn't tell us his second name, so he was always known as George Gravy. He hated the cats that abounded, & poisoned our dear ginger "Boiler", mother of many. Our pets always died - the lambs ate oleander flowers & blew up, a horse stood on the dearest little galah, dogs got the Kangaroos, possums died & our turkey chude broke his leg & died. Our special dog was



poisoned & his mother perished trying  
frantically to follow Father when he left in a  
car. I fed the 2 Shrikes on corned meat  
when there was no fresh - no shrikes.